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Korean Patrol They drift back of me as do the sparse trees, blue on charcoal. I'm at their lead, dark bones in cast-off clothes, three brass chevrons on my moon-streaming cap. A face sketched lime and with wide salt eyes I am a drowned man in this slow wind sea that carries moon and brush, floats ashen apparitional light to the trailing gray-eyes who blotch together as I wave and darken. And I am twenty among bushes of ink and the floating men of my patrol whose seashell ears roar at silence. Twenty when facing the quick prosphor line of the Chinese patrol and fearing the best. I twist my cheek for irony, a way to put a face on. Which movie did you see? The one shaking out now to leave a blur-faced man, mouth O'd, pores cratering. In my own movie I and he just wave and we both go back to report no contact. Is it the lie I own but cannot have? Something tells me he is near. Seconds before blur. We meet on a rise, a milky cloud for light, and I see that orange hand coming up in the grainy solidity of that half second, the blank in his eyes a screen fled of color. I don't know why my carbine swings, my finger shreds inside that trigger's curl, but I look up to see him going under with still-raised hand and bland down-sliding eyes. And now I'm hit and fall a child at play. Arched sweet childache in my throat, I have made all the movies mean.